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1911



THE
INDWELLING
SPLENDOR

BY JOHN COLLIER
MCMXI

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THE INDWELLING SPLENDOR

“A whisper of the secret tides upon another coast,
The windy headlands of the soul, the lone sands of the mind.”

“And the Vision said unto me: ‘I am as the centre, to the which
all parts of the circumference bear an equal relation: but with thee
it is not thus.’ ”—*Dante: Le Vita Nuova.*

THE INDWELLING SPLENDOR

TO ARDANNA

I

WORKER with me in this strange house of fire!
Lengthening my imperfections, while to thee
I give temptation back, and sternly we
Are held and whirled by duty and desire:
With our deep doom our holiest hopes conspire,
Our sin conspires in its ubiquity.
We had tasted wells of pain, had seen the pyre
Glow beyond shoreward waves, of childhood dead,
Ere chance, that is one deed of Law Entire,
Joined us who shall not part when earth is fled.
Thence into life came our Eternity,
And life on larger, statlier ways was led.
We are dumb in joy; but ah, what alchemy
Makes gold at last the rudest path we tread!

II

Grave Heart, constrained and myriad seem our days;
Yet the large eye sees only one lone ledge
Scarred on a spray-stormed wall at ocean's edge,
One halting-place in migratory ways,
And chance and change its imminent boundaries.
Thence, O my Friend of wingèd heritage,
We look into the yearning wondrous skies
Unwavering: though the long detours may bear
Us lonely through no gulfs the other flies;
Though lone transfigurations we may wear,

And lone storm-battles in the stars may wage,
And winged with alien passion we may flare
Oblivious through dark dawns of distant age:
Yet in the deep we are wed, our home is there.

III

For of the deep we are wed: ah, how we crave
The meaning of that symbol called the grave!
Wed of the deep, a well-spring may we be
For all realities of the salten sea,
And salt our life and stern, and the grave dire!
For the sea rushes with all splendid fire,
The grave is only Infinite Desire,
And death the unheard, ineffable fleet tone
Of Him, the Unseen and Sure, who cries the dawn.
May we die deaths with all the days that fly,
And may the springs be bitter till we die:
May we bear well the burden which alone
Gives wings to soar beside the living sun
And in the purpose of the Nazarine
Create anew what olden eyes have seen,
Here on this distant, measureless, dark coast
Rumorous with the sighing of worlds lost.
We who, indissoluble, yearn to give
Out of our weakness all that life may live,
Claim but the human lot, kindled once more
With fires that shone ten thousand years of yore
For primal priest or in Gethsemane,
Beacons around our wandering world today.

IV

Why do we who know
Joy is the inner heart of the sundown,
We who on earth below
Would laugh away the old ascetic frown

Till Life grow free ;

Why do we gaze into the onward years
Of Life's eternity

Whitening our April, still through a mist of tears?

Ah, Comrade Mine,

There never laughed a land like Greece of old,
Pouring ripe wine

Magnificently forth on sands of gold

To the laughing God !

Yet never on fateful margin lorn and gray
Of nemesis-mood,

Moaned as in Greece of old the human lay !

They went with flowers

And laughter and dance up to the Oracle,
But the dim Powers

Breathed in no sunlit sound their holy spell ;

And Greece, the Fountain,

Flows for all life while onward ages crowd,
For that its mountain

Harbored the mist and drained the thunder-cloud ;

And Greece, the Portal,

Shines evermore o'er laughing hosts that wait
Glad and immortal

Under the rainbow of tears and tragic fate.

The Shadowy Pinion

Sustained o'er Sappho and o'er Euripides,
In dim dominion

Endures, and binds our lowly lives to these.

Whether God gave us

Shadow at the heart that we might love the light ;
Whether to save us

For Earth, our own Soul weds the unconquered night ;

Whether the Glory
Lies nowhere hitherward of the shadowy tide
And all our story
Is homesick-haunted: Sorrow doth abide.

But you, when darkling
From out such eyes as dream beneath the fern
By stream swift-sparkling,
Comes your fawn-soul; or when slow sunsets burn

And under brows
Earnest, and hair made luminous from the West,
Your deep soul shows,
You know what laughter crowneth all the rest.

V

These are mere phantoms. You who saw the crowd
Spreading one gala morn along a beach
Rock-strewn, and Druid-old, and gray, and each
Of all that Breton-gathering sang and flowed
And was as tide-strown water, and how they glowed
In colors that even memory scarce can teach
And my words, never: you who saw that cloud
Lighten in old-world heavens and fade away,
Never to be recalled or understood,
Although it feeds our wondering life for aye—
You will receive these phantoms. Oh they reach
In yearning toward the source of all our day!
Dreams, memory, mist of dawn! Yet they beseech
Faith for the mightiest hope that guides our way!

VISTAS FROM THE HIGHROAD

Mistlike the long way wanders,
 Where far by ancient streams
In dream the sower squanders
 Seed for our present dreams;
Mistlike, which no man numbers,
 The conscript legions gray
Stream through their waking slumbers:
 Their way becomes our way.

IS IT ENOUGH?

I READ of the Alamo:
In the desert, in the years
That are melted like the snow,
Where the ruined convent rears

Lone above the indifferent plain,
Died the boldest of the bold,
And a valor without stain
Flared to glorious ashes cold.

Only eighty years ago!
And as from another earth
On the fervid Alamo
Gazing past the gates of birth,

“What the gain,” I ask, “What use
That for which the noblest died?
Nature gathers but to loose,
And her way is bland and wide.

“In the mystic ways of her
Whose impulsive children, we,
Shout like waves upon a bar
Soon abandoned by the sea,

“Cling like leaves upon the bough
Till her own frosts give surcease,
What are all our valors now,
Lost in that indifferent Peace?

“Texas free, or Mexico—
When the ice is melting fast
And the nations are in flow,
What avails an epic past?”

Then the question turns within.
There is dream and rivalry
Battling on my field to win,
Fealties for which I would die.

Jauntily my life I bear,
And if battle bugles sung
And the banners were in air,
I should spring as Crockett sprung,

Fall as he among the dead,
Silent in a shattered breach :
So the earnest ages tread,
Things to die for given each !

PRIMAVERA

SHE came from one invisible place that each
Dreamer shall dream of till his life is done.
She brought the vision men will die to reach,
Then went away to lands beyond the sun.

As Botticelli went into the night
Still rapt in thought of Her who came in Spring,
So to the homesickness of human sight
She beckons, all its days of wandering.

These intuitions hover, flash and go,
As holy seasons of remembered fire
Rise upon earth again. We dream and know—
There is a goal for such divine desire !

FAITH

LET it fade, the old form
Of our longing transcendant !
At the heart of the storm
Bides one Power Defendant
Which has locked in the atom and sealed in the star
The meaning, the mission, of things as they are.
Oh, that Power Defendant
Hid away, long ago,
Deep-involved yet resplendant,
Those fountains which throw
Through the chambers unsounded of spirit and brain,
Lost yet ever returning, their mystical rain.
We have ranged earth and heaven,
But call it not Faith :
N'er for doctrine was given
That marvellous Breath
Which in child as in sage, in all ages, each land
Hears the fountain far-playing, feels the touch of a hand,
And defying the cerement
Which the mind in its toil,
Sick with endless deferment
Has weaved, which the moil
Of the myriad fierce forces of life-on-its-way
Have entangled, looks up to the zenith of day,
And beyond a white portal
Which the eye has not seen
Finds a fountain immortal,
And its murmur, its sheen
Are the murmur, the fire, of that fountain aye blown
Through life's own inmost chamber. Faith's object is
done.

FRANCISCO FERRER

Executed at Barcelona, October 13, 1909

THEY shot him down, far off in ancient Spain.
A gentle man, soft-voiced, and spirit-clear,
A man like you and me, greater through pain,
Holier, and happier far through conquered fear.

They shot him down, calm enemy of all wars,
Herald of peace, who waged his lonely fight.
They shot him down, cowards and murderers.
They slew the herald, they cannot slay the light.

Brothers, have we forgotten how late we dealt
Fiercely, and wrenched the Southern Isles from Spain?
I have seen Moro Castle, and I have knelt
Where hundreds knelt never to rise again—

Knelt as I knelt against a sun-warmed wall,
Old-world, and harrowed with an old-world sign,
Where brains were scattered with the leaden ball
That bit the stone. And they had souls like mine!

He was an anarchist. Well, and so were we
Who scourged Spain from the Caribbean shore.
He fought at home, alone and terribly,
What we drove from this West forevermore.

He fought to save a nation from within,
Grappled with monstrous vampires from the grave,
Asked for his people what we need not win,
Whose fathers won our freedom. Oh now they rave

Dull, far-off, strange to us, those restless seas
That broke our dungeon, and that are not done,
Though feared and named by us as anarchies,
Till the last mortal cavern sees the sun.

And we, who cry because they shot him down—
We are less happy, we have not conquered fear.
Subtler, stranger our war which is not won.
Oh that we had his epic chance and clear!

Oh that we heard a clarion-call, as they
In old-world countries with their tangible foes!
We fight in multitudes and terribly
And know not whither the endless battle goes.

Only we bear a spark from earlier time,
And in the simplified distance still may wait
An age heroic, a clarion-call sublime.
We are as bridges between Fate and Fate.

LARGE LIGHT

THINK, that no storm-wave e'er may shift
One dreaming coral, far below,
Till waves are laid and corals lift
In snowlike shores more strong than snow.

Think, truly! that all storms that rave,
With thunder-light or whirlwind-leap,
Drift quiet as a lapsing wave
Across the enfolding heaven's deep.

Then turn unto the magic glass
And see large history taking form,
With seas of waves that seethe and pass,
With shattering of æonian storm:

And, of that coral-lineage far
One self-same link; and o'er that storm
Lit by one same and changeless star;
Find high thine heart, thy hope-fires warm.

ISADORA DUNCAN

I

THE MODERN AGE

O PRIESTESS of an unperish'd fire that glows
To extacy ere our mind can understand!
O Life-Spring from a permanent stream that flows
Even 'neath our famish'd land!

We bless you for the mighty Thought you bring,
And for the dumb despairs your motions thrill
To such glad life as in our dreams may sing,
And which is singing still.

We bless you for the token to us all
You flash'd on our raised vision, through the dust
Of staggering hours. O Lode-Star beautiful
In skies that are not lost!

O'er road that is not lost! O'er April lands
Where rains dance through the tide of human flowers,
And sunrise, and the work of human hands
Fulfill unspeakable hours!

Oh not a dream! Though when you went away
Such silence fell as long we had not known,
Who had forgotten Silence in the fray—
Oh out of silence grown,

And from your dancing, from the awakening reed
Of unheard music, from the beckoning hand
Of your sweet summons, rise the desires that lead
Into your land, our land!

II

THE PERSONAL CRY

Oh you bring anguish to ✓
Our weariness,
We who uprise to you,
Weeping, to bless!

Lo, Isadora! We
Out of our doom, ✓
See your eternity,
Thirst for your bloom:

We who can only live,
Bridges between
All that you have to give—
Worlds that have been,

Worlds only quickening
Now on the sky—
Out of our hope they swing
Measurelessly!

III

THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE

“The world's great age begins anew.”
Planted in melody
Where pale and fair the morning grew
In a forgotten sky,
Came life: and still those faint fields are
Germinal beneath the morning star;
(And under starlight lies the sea
And worlds of yonder mystery.)

“The world’s great age begins anew.”
Oh it was yesterday
The flutes of Grecian morning blew,
And on a shining way
The world’s great age was morning light.
Then fell the rythm, then came the night:
(Yet, starless, moved the music-stream,
Far-thundering through dark deeps of dream.)

And came the night with deeper tone,
Whose trembling spires touched the stars,
And sweet and stern was music grown,
And in a middle night of wars
And vast discordancies, desire
Was changed and sought dark heaven like fire;
(And on the yearning ocean-flood
In wonder came the gleam of God.)

“The world’s great age begins anew.”
Lo, Daughter of the Dawn,
The rythm is fulfilled in you,
And primal life hath gone
Through day and dark, and winged with flame
And subtler, it is still the same:
(And on the flood, in surge and fire,
Your music is a world’s desire!)

SUNRISE ON BLOOD MOUNTAIN

(From Boyhood)

VAST landscapes, glimmering wide from marge
to marge;

Huge hills, like titans of unrestful dream!

Back and yet back they tower, away, away

Far to the glimmering limit of the new-born day;

Range upon range they climb in purple majesty.

The vales are mazed in mist: the cloud-banks gleam

High to the central crimson, where the rays

Of the unrisen sun do shimmer and stream.

Vast winds, born in the dreamland of the dawn,

Swell, roaring inward: leagues on forest leagues

Blend their wild scent and sound

The tide is full,

The tide of glory past all fathoming,

The vision of the everlasting God

Forth-shadowed on the everlasting hills,

Can rise no more

The concentrated splendor of a thousand days

Climbs the triumphant east

My God, my God,

Fold me this moment home: too beautiful!

I am too glad to live: I know Thou livest!

EDWIN KENDALL CUTTER

YOU were like a ruined temple, a citadel
Reft from some unremembered quake of
earth,
When I found you, holding grim and perilous mirth
And haunted as a ruin with romance-spell.
What strange commingling of gnarled shapes from hell
With sudden laughter of waters or child-mirth,
With amplitude of a Karnak-pillar's girth,
With red decay trailed through the Hellenic will!

To have found you, seeing with you the lightnings thrill
Even around your dissolution-day
In genius futile though indomitable,
Was to have trodden with Virgil a Dante's way,
To mark with Dante the unmitigable
Movement of consequence through humanity.

CROCUS ON THE APPENNINES

"The ground-flame of the crocus breaks the mould."—*Tennyson*

I SAW that yesterday. And now the wind
Blows on this mountain-platform of soft flame
Which is the crocus, its whole life defined.
Now who shall name the Name

And give some mystic spell release, to come
And gently waft this sublimating fire
Into yon deepening sky, which is its home,
The heaven of its desire?

THE AWAKENING

“And Life shall be swallowed up in Victory”

I

HOW shall it be when that cold cycle comes
In the æonian movement slowly drawn,
Far-gathering into purpose, flowing on
Through all its starlit hours and pregnant glooms:
How shall it be when all this furnace-fire,
The throbbing iron, the overpowering brain
Whose tempered prow sows wide the phosphoric main
Sinks in the sunrise wave, its funeral pyre?
We are in extacy: lo, wide and deep,
Radiant with humanness, its mystery
Burgeoning into powers that Man may guide,
Gathers the Purpose. Up from nebulous sleep
Winging into the dawn victoriously,
Come the world-brothers to our welcoming side.

II

It is the dawn. No longer piteous prayer
Low on the shadowy heaven builds its cloud.
Piercing our dream, icy and tempest-plowed
Brightens the ocean, and the East is there.
It is the dawn. And we have waked, to know
What many dawns on many seas before
Have told, rifting the cloud that seemed the shore:
There is no shore, far as these waters go.
Thus shall it be? . . . the slow last cycle draws
Nearer, and on a deck that floats at rest
The Man is silent; all his victory
Vanished into the day; the weight of laws
Full-known, slowly upon his being pressed:
While calm and ordered sinks his argosy?

III

Or in the chaos of a ruinous end,
 A palsied vain old age where all is haze,
 Where sullen winds blow down the leaden ways
Of aye-interminable ocean, from no land
And from no grandeur of infinitude,
 On mariners grown adventurers no more,
 Wailing for haven or rest, hurled to the roar
Of torturous tides with sunsets red as blood
And fierceness of the dreadful seas at last?
 Noble or all-ignoble vanity
 May be the wing of doom spread far and dark
Over the drowning prow when time is past:
 But ah, has wisdom of mortality
 Gone ever as far as sails our mystic ark?

IV

On no conception of the possible
 Is borne God's migratory life-on-wing,
 But by a will beneath all wavering
Which nerves the faint blind bird with miracle.
On no fulfillment that may hope to be
 Save as are ashes after fire, is fed
 Our mortal love, lone-living through the dead,
Immortal through death's huge eternity.
Surely the cycle of the frozen end
 Draws nigh, and hero-thought shall not avail,
 Though it should sway the stars, to pilot home
Toward any harbor the knowable laws forfend.
 But though the Loved were dead Love would not fail:
 We are transfigured only through our doom.

V

Far journeyings over an occult sea,
 Pale mutinies among a conscript host;
 And under that unreached eternal coast
 Of world-desire, the sorcerer-enemy
 Shed ever on the deck destroying rain,
 Or struck the pilot blind beside his wheel,
 Or sent the whirlwind, and the ship would reel
 Through a reft shore into a lonlier main.
 Ah did it seem a dream in all our days
 Of that long past, when only ship and sea
 And memory of stern toil and home's desire
 Endured, and those unmeasured ocean ways
 Receding into God's eternity
 Drew us who follow still the wings of fire?

VI

Think, that unspeakable things have coiled among
 The feet of us who tread this solemn deck:
 Ribaldry tearing among hearts that break,
 And hearts betrayed, depraved to snakes of wrong.
 Yet think, from what abundance it was poured,
 The balm, the Life that came forever new,
 Lavish on deck and spar, a shining dew
 Primordial, yet in every drop was stored
 All heritage . . . of the past of thunder-light,
 Of hero-sailing through the mountain-tide,
 Of calm slow strength drunk from old quiet seas,
 And knowledge that endures these shapes of night
 Which we deny not, we who shall abide
 To chart new deeps even with the hand of these!

VII

No single sailing over changeless waves
By changeless mariners on a changeless prow
Is ours, this long lone voyage where still we flow.
Not into one but in a million graves
Gulfed and annihilated, has gone down
The tragic wonder of the immortal child
Who in a million resurrections, wild
With Viking power, and singing to the sun,
Has risen above the last horizon-wave
On prow that seemed the miracle-hand of God,
With miracle in the drowned heart reborn!
Can lightning or the deep-sea cosmic grave
Appall the conquerer of that Inner Flood
Which to the outer flood is night to morn?

VIII

In a far zone upon the yonder bound,
Where yet the jagged waters, bronzed and vast,
Roam somberly against a sundown past,
There on the deck a stranger child was found.
The ocean was more stern and mightier
On that dim day than it had ever seemed;
Confluent tides from all horizons streamed
About the ship and heaved and palsied her.
Bitterness was upon the 'wildered throng;
Bitterness and bewilderment struck dead
The child, who spoke a wild and solemn rune,
Who blessed the waters for their endless wrong
And blessed the future for its eyes of lead
Unanswering, gazing past the sun and moon.

IX

He blessed the doom. It was a doom of love,
He said, but other love than they had guessed.
Far, far away was any goal or rest.
Not singly could the generations move
Toward that still home besought in every prayer.
Not singly could the bark of life behold
That mystic place, although in deeps of old
Purpose had launched it but to voyage there.
And subtler words in antique symbol spoken
Whispered that child, before they trampled him
Upon the deck amid the bitter spray :
There was no dream but it must first be broken ;
Cloud was the melting shore-line of each dream ;
Deeper than dream the loving purpose lay.

X

Sometimes, when the mid-afternoon moves slow
And waves move slow and all the storms are stilled
Among invisible boughs and fields fulfilled—
Deep-fruited boughs, fields like the furrowed snow,
Still, hallowed, happy, soon like snow to pass :
Flushed is the deck, rapt is the deep, and we
Are changed, till in our hearts eternity
Grows mortal love, which night and distance was.
Then are we as the urging of the wave ;
Then are we as the passion of the foam ;
Then are we as a root that tears asunder
The bounds of a millennial-dusted grave ;
And God's own lightning lights the souls that roam,
And o'er a dwindled sea they hear His thunder.

XI

Love on the deck; love on the wave. We know
Through love, such music as of ocean's host
Rolling to break upon no charted coast:
No thought may reach where those long wave-worlds go,
Waves which are Love alone. The ship is Love,
And Love has laid his keel upon the night,
And Love has willed the Light beyond the light,
And Love has heard the music, rolled above
His last impossible promise: how the home
That can not be, shall front the total wave,
The sunken ship, the death through Man made fair:
Beyond a heaven of expiring foam,
Radiant and mystic as the hope He gave
To Man's Promethean soul—a God's love there!

LEONARDO DA VINCI

A CRAG where all things wild and strange may
light;
All prototypes and empyrean dreams,
All thrilling prophecies of day or night,
All cloud-winged sources of all human streams:
Leonardo, master of the Renaissance,
Embodiment of all it never won,
Herald of centuries hurrying to enhance
Its lord and theirs, the unsounded soul of man.

THE LARGER WILL

THAT is the mightier happiness,
Which builds its life on life to-be
And thrills its victory-o'er-distress
Toward margins of the farther sea:
For even agony can bless,
Now Life has grown Eternity.

O Friend, we could speak so, if pain
Filled the deep union of our soul
As it hath filled and may again,
Or should the drowning night-wave roll—
But ah, hark now the undying strain,
Here, where the stars light clear the scroll!

VISTA

AT night one seeth
Farthest and fairest:
Yon lone star freeth
Light which thou wearest
In gleaming jewel
And dreaming eye:

And deep night freeth,
Beloved, the dearest
Home-hope, which fleeth
O'er welcome the nearest,
For quenchless fuel
To yon far sky.

THE STEEL MILL

A HAUNTED, fiery castle stands
On that dark plain the marsh enwinds.
Over the breadth and night of lands
Which haply some lone traveller finds,
It guards a realm of wastes and winds.

From dongeon-keep to solemn tower
Flame mounts and waves, flame pours and lives.
In all that desert world one flower,
Fervid and terrible, blows. It rives
Locked earth with roots of steel. It gives

Life to unmeasured deaths of stone
And buried hosts of cosmic morn
Who made the primal world their own
In life of fire ere life was born,
Then sank to prison-caves forlorn.

There on the moat the lurid flash,
The flood of orgy-light is poured;
Red from the wassail-hall, where crash
Cups foamed with fire on brazen board,
Gleams that exstatic, unloosed horde

Of genii wrenched from bonds of death,
Into this fortified furnace hurled,
From whom the molten streams of breath,
Coerced and wrought, grown cold and furled,
Shall build the cities of the world.

THE HOLOCAUST OF THE WORKERS

Washington Square, March 25, 1911

HERE as a precipice, stone on stone,
Cloudward the walls loom high.
Here is transfigured and alone
The fugue wherein we die,
In lives to fiery mammons thrown
Without a curse or cry.

No eye of God looks on this place
Wherein is woven all
The beauty of the human race
With its most hideous fall.
The iron heavens turned their face;
Ours is an echoless call.

Here is the wonder of our power
Heaved high in walls that loom.
Here is the radiance of our flower
Charred in a charnel gloom.
Here, in this monstrous twilight hour,
For God there is no room.

They came from distant desert ways
To ours, a harvest shore,
But the vindicative lightning plays
Hideously evermore,
And kindles in devouring blaze
Our Harvest of the Poor.

You and I, Brother, you and I,
Who tread this modern road
Where no veiled Fate beyond the sky
Lashes with solemn goad,
But soft and euphemistically
Greed claims man's soul and blood,

You and I, Brother, we who are
So sanguine with dawn-fire,
Who 'lashed our wagon to a star,'
Whose blithe faiths never tire,
It is we—*we slid the murderous bar*
That sealed this cage and pyre.

One hundred weary years, since man
Was made by factories free!
One century, since the swift brain ran
Through an eternity
And man's millenium began,
Which steam and steel decree:

Now, in the Square of Washington,
Beside the arch of peace,
'Mid wealth heaped up to hide the sun,
Where hum the million bees
Raping earth's bloom till spring be done,
Slaves to the might that frees,

Now in white steam and ember-glow
And rivers poured in spray
And silent figures heaped below
And crowds in holiday
And sudden screams of maniac woe,
We see Hell's naked way.

DUST OVER THE CITY

I AM the soul of forests far,
Realms that are dying the death of flame;
And gray with me in the heavens are
Beautiful things without a name:
Forest life of the mystic lands,
And glow on many an autumn mere,
And ecstasy wrought by heavenly wands,
Are ghosts with me in the twilight here.

Oh I was kingly on my far wold
Where only the wind sang deep and long,
Wind and bird and the sounds untold
Of the greenwood world in a wondrous song;
Oh I was kingly and ancient there,
On the mighty hill, the unmeasured plain
That now is a ruin charred and sere
While I drift, a cloud that has no rain.

Rainless and ashen veil
Over the cities of earth,
Shaken from the fire-flail
That frees no seed of birth,
Fired by the human clan
Whose jagged citadels gray,
Homes and temples of man,
I darken, drifting away!

Yonder the sea is pale and wide,
And the Indian summer winds will bear
My ashes to the unchanging tide
Where neither fires nor forests are,
But beauty as grave as mine and strange.
The earthly glory and mystic peace
Endure through waste and ravin and change;
But lo, I mourn for the human race!

Theirs is the famished dream!
And theirs the fiery meed,
In groves of the Soul supreme
Where fires do rage indeed:
Oh, mystery! Aye and farthest
They are drawn, with heaven's desire,
Yet into their heavenly harvest
They loosen the scythe of fire!

Dust, now! Gone toward the twilight sea!
But I summon the old earth's prophet-dream,
And sad and vague it returns to me—
The Armageddon of man and flame!
Yea, when the first volcano flared
And launched the sorcery of wild fire
On domes by the giant pine-kings reared,
Dreaming on my imperial pyre

I saw the vision of a sphere
Rolling in space where thunders rolled,
With cyclones through the boundless year,
With seven-fold flame and glacial cold.
I saw in watery deeps enorme
How life was wrought from chemic war;
In dream I drank the poisoned storm
And brewed the breath for lives that are.

Stern as a tempest-tide,
Firm as a frozen shore,
Myriad, planet-wide
Labored the life of yore.
And forever, only the glory
Of the still-uncreate soul
Gave a meaning to the story,
And Onward lay the goal!

Dust of the primal grove, I dreamed,
A world's dream, and a prophecy:
Through storm and age a lightning gleamed,
And in the lightning stumbled He,
He that was age and all its power;
And wand and wanton child he played;
And hope and crown of earth he wore;
And fierce and blind he raped and bled.

Lo, I am part of earth that loves,
And under him earth's back is bowed.
Unresting, spurred by fire, he roves;
And darker than the famished cloud
His waste would make of earth and me,
Are smoke and storm about his soul,
Who is as earth when anciently
It froze or flamed from pole to pole.

Such was the coming of man,
Such was the Soul that came,
And the day of hope began—
A new beginning of flame!
What is the deed he brings?
Age upon age is gone,
Yet still on conquering wings
No eagle seeks the sun!

And I am part of earth that hopes.
Pensive I drift above the homes
He builds, and darkness where he gropes.
I have endured unmeasured dooms,
My world has travailed toward his year;
Tempest I knew, and thirst, and frost.
I feared not flame, but this I fear—
Lest earth's primordial hope be lost.

For in that dream of ancient war,
 When first the scythe of anguish clove
My silent wolds of wind and star,
 Aisles of my continental grove,
I saw indeed by light of fire
 How fires must rage till, wrought from these,
Came last the utter world's desire:
 The heart that loves, the eye that sees;

The soul that is the Law of Law,
 The benison and will of God,
The hand that tames the tooth and claw
 And guides the fire and drives the flood;
The brain whose awful power springs
 Not madly, like the blazing doom
Of conflagration, but on wings
 To waft a world's migration home!

But lo, he sees but outwardly,
 And lo, he loveth not the Whole.
Lays he the doom of fire on me?
 He fires the fane of his own soul!
Wastes he the woodland, zone by zone,
 And leaves his children robbed of earth?
He wastes what Christs have died to own,
 What human ages bore to birth,

What lives of rapture and despair,
 And silent lives of patient deed,
And long-enduring love and prayer
 Of wasted peoples dreamed and made;
More dear, more sacred far to me,
 Who am of earth the hope and love,
Than all that blooms on land or sea,
 Or ashes of my blasted grove.

Soul of the forests far,
Dust on the infinite,
Under the twilight star,
Over the city's height,
Over the rumorous ways
Where the might of man makes
thunder
And man creates and slays
In dross and wonder!

Soul of the ruined things
Garnered through aeons vast
Mankind, the poet, sings,
Mankind, the power, lays waste:
Here in the silent heaven
Drifts a forgotten host
Consumed and fire-riven,
Loving and lost!

THE LIGHT BEARER

Charles Sprague Smith: Worker With the People: Pathfinder
in Comparative Literature: Apostle of Free
Responsibility. Died, 1910

(EPILOGUE)

SO—it is said, and well said: but the veil
Is round thee, as it was in life before,
And thou art gone, and we shall nevermore
Know whence thou camest nor whither blows thy sail.
It rose in a fair morning below

Our sea's horizon, and the wind that drove
We knew not, nor the mystic hand that wove
That ample sail or wrought that Viking prow.
Dauntless you came, rich from invisible

Lands far beyond the seas our life may know;
Dauntless though wistful, O unwearied Soul,
Known and unknown to us, seaward you go!

It is well said. How long we gathered round!
Even so our dim ancestral ages caught
From earlier mariners flashes of white thought,
Stammering the unknown words; and turned and found
The message all-unlearned, the herald sped:

Yet in their bibles, in their sagas wan
And hero-deeds the prophecy lived on—
Radiant on timeless waves came back their dead!
All that we have they gave us, they as we

Gathering, till long before the tale was told
Their herald vanished o'er the mystic sea:—
So thou art summoned to thy peers of old.

Oh, now thy life begins. We do not plead
To follow on thy lonely seaward path,
Knowing that in thy pure white sail the breath
Of life is blown, toward worlds of other need.

But here thy life begins. Even while we bow
Mourning for one who loved us utterly,
We know that life has only dawned for thee,
Who livest in our own souls that mourn thee now.
What on thy ship that came across the seas
Was borne, what hast thou left, God's mariner?
Oh, seeds of new and rich eternities,
Sown in the minds of men forevermore!

Even in our minds, who may not see the flower,
Who will not see the fruit, but who may pass,
Having seen only, darkly, through the glass
Of love and hope and pain in this gray hour,
Yet is thy seed sown. Well enough we know
What mighty mission thou laid'st on us here
And bade us in this field America,
Singing and passionate, handle well the plow!
And we bear in our hands the life of thee—
Seeds of thy vision of the eagle's wings
Unwearying of thine own democracy,
Foreshadowing a world of Viking kings!

SHEARETH ISRAEL

(The Old Bowery Cemetery, the Pioneer Jewish Cemetery
of America)

UNDER the looming of these murky walls
Which answer to the long street's heedless roar,
Thousandfold, endless, echoing evermore
Over the waste graves and oblivious palls,
Forget, yet memorable, he waits the doom.
Forgotten: He! From the grim old-world bans
And lurid waste of dying Europe's wars,
He lifted up his race's trampled bloom
And planted it beneath the Western stars!
He carved our garden from the wilderness;
He wrought with our forefathers, side by side,
This heaven-strong temple, glorious-arched and wide,
Our freedom! Now, forgotten: centuries press—
Dust on the eyelids of the Jewish king!
Yet oh, America, remember! spring
Futures, far dawns those lone eyes wake to bless,
Where prophecy of a world-peacefulness
Comes like a murmur on the wind of spring;
Far fields that trampled unperished bloom doth dress,
Thy fields, remembering when their glad birds sing!

THE GARDEN OF LINTOUN

THERE on the plain, where the world's end is
found,

A cloister lies, which all men's feet may tread.
Mountains and deserts guard the mystic ground,
And o'er its ways the unending years are led.
Morning shines on the roofs embowered, the rill
With cryptic shore carved long ere Greece was known;
Prayer to the waning twilight heaven is blown;
And Shensi dreams, unrumored, unsought, and still.

Ah, still! yet living in its life of life:

Strange as the face of yonder quiet star,
And warm with intimacy, patient, sure.
Beauty more strong than my choked hour of strife,
Reverence where I could only come to mar,
And love, and verity that shall endure!

THE AWAKENING OF THE EAST

I

THERE is a closed gate in the East, which few
Have opened, and these few have scarce
returned.

Old roads of time that portal lead unto,
White, graven ways an ancient sun has burned.

No prison, and no spell that we may name,
Holds them who like Lafcadio Hearn have gone
Beyond the gate and past the court of flame
That rarely Western eyes have looked upon.

But a more strange and haunted prison swung
Behind them, than the map of Asia shows,
And mirage wrapt the Western brain and tongue,
Between pale seas and Himalayan snows.

No childhood of the race, like India,
Calls the remembering soul to China's quest.
Strange as the Martian shore, remote, bizarre,
The Hidden Country takes millennial rest,

And spells are round it, and the gate is closed,
And from its racial font our mind must part
Which seeks yon cloud, perfumed and wondrous-rosed,
Inscrutable China's bland and subtle heart!

II

No other garden past an eyeless wall
On any shore of human life has grown
So ancient, orient-lush and tropical
Yet supple and virile from a temperate sun.

No multitude of lives compound and deep
And bound in immortal unity,
Was ever stirred from undegenerate sleep
Like these, and made with knowledge and power
free.

I see upon the sky beyond the waves
Thundering beside our last wide western dune,
Risen on red wings from ethnic wastes and graves,
The Will of Asia, crowned with an occult moon,

Dark with interior counsel, and illumined
With lightnings lighted in the Occident,
Which seemed invincible might to us who roamed
And conquered, kings in arrogant strength content.

We who have risen out of twilight, high
In the swift incandescence of the brain,
Have lost the lesson of the further sky.
We stride a giant stallion without rein,

We drift as chaff in the wind our genius bloweth!
Conquerers, in turn we are slaved and blind and
mained!
Our might despiseth what our deep heart knoweth;
Our lust is loosened, our racial wing is lamed!

We who have chained the elemental vast
And made the devouring ocean serve us well,
Have launched our falcon against the Asian Past,
And the quarry nets her: Asia hath tamed our spell!

Haply our God shall chasten His wild West
With Asia, till hypocrisy of soul,
Which is a gnawing wolf against our breast,
He bared; till pride shall flout, till greed shall prowl,

Unlicensed but approved, no more along
These sacred ways that Christ and Darwin owned,
Else drown our clamor in runic Asian song
Rock-written ere Sophocles divinely moaned!

Low onward o'er Pacific mystery
On patient skies the Asian wing is lain,
And round its moon is lightning known to thee,
Soul of the West, but not thy thunder-rain!

Thou shalt not perish, Fairest and Last-born!
Thou guard'st a cloister deep as China's own,
A portal of mystery, an altar worn
With primal rites. Thine incommunicate rune

Endures, and thy redemption shall not fail;
For thou shalt seek and honor thine own soul
When from the vast and Asian wing in hail
God's wrath shall loosen and His thunders roll!

THE GARDEN

I KNOW a garden in starry height,
Beyond the coves of the tree and fern.
Its light is not as the valley's light:
For smoky mountains at sunset burn

Far toward the place where my garden lies;
And many a hallowed range and dim
Gives back the glimmer of olden skies
To fall like dew by the garden's rim.

A world removed and a place unknown:
Around in numberless multitude,
In hosts of forest and walls of stone,
Earth's haunting memories drift and brood.

A garden beyond the gates of day,
Charmed out of age with a timeless rune
Whose heart of ineffable prophecy
Holds vigil on one far height alone!

There, 'mid a close that none may see,
A cirque impalpable few may guess
(And these will penetrate sacredly,)
My garden blooms in the wilderness.

.

Along Tusquittee the silent spurs
Plunge, populous amid solitude.
Where not the wing of an insect whirs,
What life, prophetic and multitude!

And music to which the hours go
Is wind in the shadowy height of trees,

And to all the suns the waters flow;
And of one deep Heart the pulse is these.

.

Along Tusquittee a Song is hurled,
Rolled by the vast and dark hill-choir.
Where is the Genesis of the World,
Blazoned from fonts of primal fire,

Tortured with ancient earthquake-blow,
By rhythmic sway immeasurable
Made sonorous of the ocean-flow?
Here in the hills is laid that scroll:

Hills at the centre of the sea,
(Which remembers not though laboring loud,
And though still at heart as Eternity,
Remembers not, while the wandering cloud

Of continents builds in vanishing form;)
Hills of the farthest inland reach,
Recording still the Silurian storm
That ground the shells on a vanished beach!

.

Upon Tusquittee the forest ends,
And the track of heaven is overhead.
Swiftly toward the horizon bends
A field of grass. I am led—I am led—

Out where the mighty mountain leaps;
Out to the place of remembering,
To the summit where the moveless deeps
Are seen, and the end of wandering.

.

Garden, O Garden, unnamed, unknown:

All tenderness of the awful height,
All tenderness of the last dim throne,
Mountain or cloud at verge of night,

Where the One Unnamed of whose life thou art

Lingers in love as now on thee—
Tenderness, and its solemn part
Is thine, of purpose and mystery.

.

And if by invisible gardeners laid—

The mighty wind that is likest God,
The mystic rains, and the light that said
Live! and the sun's life thrilled the sod—

Titanic powers of the earlier day,

And the wingéd ancient-insect host
Who tutored the dark rude earth to play
And evoked these flowers that wave wind-
tossed—

Not less a garden, and memory

Of earnest gardeners that wrought the wall
And sowed the beauty they should not see,
Is mine, this garden and type of all.

Only because of powers divine

Called by whatever name, from gleam
Of ether-light to desire of mine,
Is garden or gardener aught but dream.

Far hence, on mountain slowly wrought,

With a vaster, stranger world beneath,
In an un-dreamed garden loved and sought,
Some flickering leaf is my life and death.

.

Now is the garden's haunting hour.
Luminous, jewelled darkness flows
Through gulfs uncompassable. Before,
Vast and remote the mountains rose,

Purple upland or amber cloud
Beneath a sky that alone held all.
Changed now is the titan crowd:
Plumbless now as an ocean, fall

Dead-black deeps from the garden's verge,
And the verge is dusted with light of stars,
And like a world's wall climbs a surge
Out of the ocean's night. There jars

Thirst of nothingness with the steep
Quickening fire of the rapturous dome,
And on the bound of the nocturne deep
The mountainous waters pile and roam.

And they are as near as heart can hold,
And the symbol is given back to me,
And one with these laboring hosts of old
I hear the cry of Eternity.

.

But the night is long, the visions wane.
Dreams bear me down, I arise to dreams.
Changed is the dark ocean's plain,
Sunken. Only in pallid streams

Far below on a gloaming breast,
Stays a vestige of all that was.
Faintly bounding a world at rest
Shadows rise, where the great waves rose.

For the daybreak travels eternally,
Rushing, soundless, a sky-foamed tide,
Billowing into the exstacy
Of waking worlds in a track world-wide:

And far on my waiting heights alone,
I know that my garden knows the dawn.
The wind is a river to eastward blown:
The whole air flows: on the dew-
drenched lawn

The twilight now as a wraith is pale.
An intimate breath in the brush and grass
Grows palpable. Ah but I cannot tell
How I feel, how I know how the King-
doms pass—

The solemn Kingdoms of day and night,
As of life and death, of the fall and spring,
Self-veiled from their immanent Ruler's sight,
The source and end of their wandering!

THE HOUR OF PEACE

STRANGELY comes vision to our gray twilight,
Strangely it calls us from our well-loved fields.
All day no air has blown. For many days
The wind battled with lowering worlds of cloud,
And sunlight is remembered old and far.
Strangely comes vision to our quiet toil.
A mouldering and an unknown breath respire
From the bowed garden and uprooted weeds
Tropic with rain that fell ere twilight grew.
Gray twilight—no dead memories or names
Haunt its soft spaces; it is we are held
As ghosts in a sunken garden of dim dreams
Hardly of past or future, or of God,
But of an otherworld that waits for Him.
We are sad, but not with aught desire grown vain;
We are bowed, but not with weight of yesterdays;
We are solemn—not with thought of worlds or powers
That are but shadows in the twilight now.
We are happy—as a well of water flows
In a sunken garden, careless of all change
Or ruined stone or gardener gone to dust,
Being fed from a far mountain's changeless store.

Strangely comes vision; vague, and like the sigh
Of a God in His own gray unreached twilight:
All day He labored by a loom, with suns,
Bright lightnings thridded through with ebon skeins,
Incalculable thunders, and the fall
Of single blades of grass in windless fields,
Laughter of children, song on gala ways
And moan of earth beside a homeless shore.
He labored, knowing not the source or end.
His handiwork yearned to Him, the God on high.
He wrought with love but more obedience,

And yearned indeed toward some encompassing Will;
And in the sense of mystery, the desire
That is a light leaping the universe,
The breath of all the gods laboring afar,
Breath of the soul, He ceased awhile and sighed.

WIND IN THE BOUGH

WIND in the bough,
 'Tis an old old word you whisper and
 soon are still,
And the word is quiet now
 As your rustling breathes on a shadowy lonlier hill.

All the old old sound,
 While the grey leaves fall and the frost is gathering
And pale is the leaf-strewn ground
 And faint clouds trail the moon in its wandering.

Not of autumn alone,
 Nor the bough grown bare, the lite that is no more;
For yours is the solemn moan
 Of an ocean rounding the farthest unnamed shore.

On its glimmering beach
 The stars are a quiet phosphorescent snow,
And yours is the sound of each
 Dark tide that wells from a place I may not know.



THE ETERNAL FORGES

IN THOUGHT OF ONE, TO WHOM IS COMMITTED
ELEMENTAL FIRE
FAR BEYOND REACH OF CIRCUMSTANCE,
OBLIVION OR WILL

“We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit’s fire.”

—Æ.

“The soul has little concern with our happiness or unhappiness.”

—*Fiona Macleod.*

“I know there shall dawn a day

—Is it here on homely earth?

Is it yonder, worlds away,

Where the strange and new have birth,
That Power comes full in play?”

—*Robert Browning.*

THE ETERNAL FORGES

THE Will that is wrought of us
Asks not nor waits,
Moving unsought of us,
Blinding our way, named among men The Fates.

The Fates weld and sunder us,
We, molten in desire.
The Fates wield the ponderous
Hammer of Consequence by the anvil fire.

There is that bound in us
Craving the fire;
And there is sound in us
Echoing the anvil strokes that never tire.

We are of hero-mould,
Frail though we are:
Frail were the saints of old,
Frail, quenched evermore, quenchless as a star!

Here is Existence
Come to event.
Here is all distance,
Time without measure, in microcosm blent.

All of our tenderness,
Love's dawn-desire,
Flower-faint slenderness,
All are but inner gleams of the anvil fire.

Horrors that blast us,
Frailties that shame,
Deaths that o'erblast us,
Are but the tempering plunge or the core
of flame,

There is no Highest
Found not within
This fire, and the nighest
Stern stroke on the mystic anvil shapes
good from sin.

Joy, the maternal,
Joy of love's eyes,
Joy, the eternal
Dream beatific, lives in this fire nor dies.

Never a smithy flared
With Norse-god's fire
Like to the smithy reared
Dark on our mountain-land of life's desire.

There is no name for it,
There is no place,
But the Fates claim for it
All we may own, all ore of the human race.

VAIN HEAVEN

WHEN we are spread before Thy seat,
O God of Judgment at the end,
And the cold God in Thee shall meet
The fervent Gods in us that blend,

Wilt Thou, O God by us conceived,
Be equal to thy task unscanned :
To wed these whirlwinds Thou hast breathed
Or calm these oceans they have fanned ?

And wilt Thou save our souls, O God,
And hoard them into ecstasy :
But how shall fare the burning clod
That is its own Eternity ?

How shalt Thou cope with prayers and stings
Mortal, and earthen of the earth,
Which beat their sad ensanguined wings
Or labor through such bitter birth

As brings the firstborn from the dead ?
Have these a place in Thy demesne,
O God Whom colder hope hath made
And less desiring eyes hath seen ?

O God, art Thou, the God on High,
But as the strength of man at last :
Which sees the extreme fires die
And palely stirs an ashen past

And lifts a gold from out the gray,
And all forgets the streaming fire
That was a furnace yesterday
And is a dust of lost desire ?

Awful, ineffable it seems,
The past no dreamed-of God can raise.
What memory or heaven of dreams
Can hold a life's insatiate blaze ?

THE MYSTICAL SUFFICIENCY

BORNE by thy steadfastness, O Mother mine,
Dark and most tender and most mighty mother,
(Thou in the soul's abysm or that other
Abyss of worlds in this large care of thine:)

Borne by thy steadfastness our faint wings hover,
O mother Nature of the dream divine.

Lo, are we fallen from the vaster mood
Wherein thy law and mother-love entwine
And in doom's grape-field grows thy spirit-wine?

Even there, where faints the homeless wailing plover,
Mother of all weary wings, thy sheltering pine!

O Mystery, steadfast, dumb, profound as God,
One symbol breathes of thee, one utter sign:
The ancient, awful face of motherhood.

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

ON these great hills doth sorrow rest
As round one withered leaf of all.
Unto the autumn and the west
They bow, where mystic trumpets call.

The scope of this unmeasured wold
That is our planet's eldest range,
That flame and glacier cast of old,
Bows like a leaf, and waits the change.

Sorrow is on the beechen leaf,
Sorrow is on the desert stones
In height where vernal bloom or grief
Comes never, but the autumn comes.

They know, there heaved before the flood,
Or ever life or leaf could hear
The trumpet of the mystic God,
How comes the autumn of the year;

They know, in kingdoms of the star,
What boundless autumns have begun,
What waning suns and worlds afar
Have heard the summons and have gone.

O human soul in autumn's hour,
By leaves that fall and hills that gloom
And by thine own mysterious power,
Rise to thy glory and thy doom!

Out of the dumb and deep and vast,
Intense the will of God is hurled.
Through fiery night and cosmic past
It strikes, and binds thee to the world.

The sad face and its mystery,
The wandering face of autumn earth,
Thine is the doom to make it free,
Thou furnace of God's second birth:

Till all the cycle shall be run;
Till all the deeds of leaf and stone,
Till all the lives of star and sun
And thine, shall hear the trumpet tone,

And from the impossible untold
A mightier Will shall flow like air
And heap an autumn into gold,
And sorrow shall be heaven there!

...! Yet on the hills doth sorrow bow,
The symbol hath a face of dole....
Sorrow desireth vision now....
A mystic trumpet strikes the soul....

FREE JOE*

SORROW of Lear,
Helen, and Deirdre,
Sorrow of the sea
Without goal or home,
Sorrow of the world,
Of the twilight sky,
And of kingly songs
And kingly decay :
All sorrows, to Christ's
Gethsemane tears
And Mary's sorrow
On Jerusalem's hill :
All sorrows, their depth,
Their mystery, their hope,
Their ineffable power,
Are here in this sorrow,
Free Joe's, of the lowly
And sacred tale.

Sorrow of the slave
In twilight of time ;
Sorrow of the free,
When the bloom of the world
In a day of our dreams
Ripened, falls to decay,
And the Lesser remains,
And the vanishing, dear
Irretrievable love,
Which no heaven can regain,
Lies in dust on the ground :
Sorrow of one
On the Caucasus,

*An earlier story by Joel Chandler Harris.

Prometheus, vast
Protagonist of Man,
Guarding the fire
Snatched out of heaven,
The faithful, vain,
Unmitigable love!
Here are the sorrows
Of all the earth's tales,
Here in Free Joe.

Here in Free Joe
Is Prometheus Unbound:
Here the victorious
Love that compels
God in His silence
Beyond the stars
To hearken to man.
Here the supreme
Effort of Being,
Divinely desirous,
To throw its arrow,
Arrow of longing,
To the further shore.
Here the sorrow
Whereon, as a pinion,
Unwearying, undying,
Patient forever,
Through gyre on gyre
Of the boundless whirl
Of the ages of earth,
The mystical purpose
Of Being climbs.

Here the Bible
Of humankind,
Ever re-written

Through humble lives
In the deathless glory
Of silent love:
Of the One Defeated
And All-Victorious,
One and Homeless
And only Home!
Here in Free Joe.

THE INDWELLING SPLENDOR

THE indwelling splendor of the life of man
Makes nothing vain, when once his eyes
have seen
Its pulsing fire along the searchless plan
Broider the night with lightnings high and keen,
Rain on impregnable walls its arrowing sheen,
And through old anguish beacon still his clan.
He is weary, yea, in wisdom bows he down:
He is dust of famished hopes, chaff of vain fears:
Deathless he is through inner light alone,
Lightening with gleam of undefeated spears
And warrior banners through his mist of tears.
Aye the indwelling purpose claims its own—
Splendor of primal purpose, deeplier known
Than any chance or fate that bind his years.

THE IMMORTAL HOUR*

ENCHANTRESS! Keeper of the unbodied spaces, of lives enthralled! Show me your face, behind the glowing veil; speak your word, and set me free for yet a little while.

Have I eaten the poppy and heard the siren sing, or only drunk of the old dew of honey of all love, of beauty of all beauty? I have loved Vivien, who is indeed Etain; and Dalua, he, the futile, the starry divinity of madness, has entered my soul grown large enough for him.

On your walls, Enchantress, is the red morning-glory, but moonflowers are there in bloom through the twilight day. The morning-glory is Vivien.... it is Beauty; the moonflower is Etain, Divine Unrest. I, Eochaidh, and I, Dalua—they are loved of me. But I hear.... outside.... the rumor of the earth; I hear the ringing of arms, the trumpet sounds incessantly; the noise of poised emergencies dimly falls, as the noise of sea-battles goes down through silent gulfs, down to the gray splendor of the halls of the sea....

Enchantress, you cannot bid Dalua to the outer stars once more; you cannot unsay the truth of the song, siren or holy, or quell the despair of the poppy, sweeter than all flowers or sunlit dreams. You, who evoke, you, who fatally bind, can undo.... nothing, evermore: your child is born, Enchantress; now he is Life's child, not your own.

But you can set me a little free from these too-many dreams, from this too-infinite pain.... you have taught me pain, I never knew pain before. You can free me a

*Symbolism, in part, from drama by Fiona Macleod

span, from the immortal hour for those emergencies
that cry, beyond the morning-glory wall, beyond the
moonflower wall.

Enchantress of the unbodied spaces, breathe one revelation,
lay one touch of your hand. Show me your face,
behind the glowing veil. Free me a little span In
the more deep gleam of your own wisdom, be merciful
to earth which calls be merciful to me

THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING? See!

We are made gods through thirst for heavenly
fire:

Immortal spirits, yea

Even through immortal longing, we are grown;

Passion immortal we have drunken and known,

God laying upon us His own heart's desire.

Farther and higher

By worlds we are gone, even in the days that fly.

Thanks, that they tire

Never, those strong wings that beat the golden dawn

Wherethrough a million lives have plunged and gone

Nightward, yet life's wing beats the shining sky!

Thanks, though we die,

That we are cast into God's passion-stream:

God's passion-cry

Still on the winds of wasted autumn blown,

Still in the furrows of April sown,

Cries through our mystery and morning-gleam,

Cries through our dream!

We are upon the highroad of great Earth:

Thanks, that they teem,

Those strong enigmas of our father-years,

Those dusts of hunger and those rains of tears,

Those teeming sorrows by our doors of birth!

Thanks, infinite-worth,

That God, since daybreak-birds began to call,

With sweet grave mirth

Laid in our hands—we, frightened and amazed,

We, wonder-wrought when love's far sunfire blazed,

We, wildly and supremely rendered thrall,

His Law of All.

Pressed by the weight of sudden mystery

Our faint hands fall:

Yet thanks, that out of the old and twilight sleep

He has raised us, even His mystic fires to keep

And be the bearers of His destiny !

THE WORLD AND THE INDIVIDUAL

I HOLD, dear friend of common aim,
That we must follow to the end
This arc, whose long ascent may bend
Far out and past our personal dream.
For man, not men, its splendors gleam:
A world's way, scarce our own, we wend.

You write, dear modern mystic Friend,
That you have found a changeless way,
Since heaven fulfills your common day,
Since even your daily hopes transcend
All possible light that life can lend:
And you, surrendering earth, are free.

You write, "Not mere tranquility,
Such stoic groves as he, the cold
And bright Lucretius sang of old;
Nor vaporous dreams have conquered me—
Such mystic sensuality,
Inert nirvanas, fold on fold,

Insidious as the curse of gold,
As palsied India from her prime!"
Ah, Friend, they haunt the waste of time
Like clouds on dead horizons rolled,
Like Memphian dust whose tale is told—
Those faiths that made our world sublime!

Dream not they rose from weary dream,
Pale dream of wearied wisdom, spent
With lust or disillusionment
Or oars against a hopeless stream.
They rose by primal watch-fires' gleam,
And where the sails of Jason went;

They lit in tragic wonderment
Those clans of daybreak, wierd and far,

Who locked their shields in tribal war
And died, in their fierce faiths content.
That men be Man, earth's creeds were sent,
That men be Man, and man endure!

No raven of a world's despair,
No faith-in-vain, seized e'er one limb
Of earth's vast life-tree, gnarled and grim
And glorious in the wide free air,
Till seedless hung the bough and bare,
And near at hand was winter's rime.

Ours, Friend, a transcendental clime:
Placid, and walled with prudent reed
Which bends when blows the storm indeed.
It harbors no resplendent crime,
Nor jars its faint and misty chime
With clangor of a warrior creed:

But nourishes a peaceful meed
Of spirit-faith, of subtler power
Than those devouring faiths of yore,
To wind the glowing skeins that lead
Through pale warm labyrinths, cleansed and freed
From terror of the Minotaur!

Then old Lucretius wiser far;
Saved from the opiate fugue, from waste
Coils of the sensual Indian mist;
Kindlier than Semite priests we are.
But ah, what weight of life they bore,
Those dark religions of the past!

But ah, what potent bonds they cast
On men, that life be builded! We,
Who nurse a personal destiny
Through creeds our inner heart has guessed,
Are stayed by peace and dream and rest:
But they a world's eternity

Compelled, moulding remorselessly
To human ends the heavenly goal,
To racial scope the human soul;
And ours the ultimate heresy,
That fond false freedom of the free
Which dares renounce the imperious Whole!

What faith, while onward ages roll,
In glooms where subtler terrors creep,
On waters of the lasting deep,
Toward ice-floes of the unreach'd pole,
In stern and burning self-control
Its ethnic vigil still doth keep?

Is this our mystic faith: to reap
What saints of elder creeds have sown
In furrows of a toil forgone;
Merely to quaff the exstatic grape
God planted ere He fell on sleep,
Ere faith's primordial mission—

To bind all ages into one
Divine, unthinkable, onward stream—
Grew dark, and faith was lost in dream?
By passion-flow, by seed and sun,
By fatherhood, by strong goals unwon,
Were marked those mighty creeds of time,

And shall be marked those creeds sublime,
Fresh, procreant creeds for worlds that cry
Through famished years on deserts dry,
Fierce thirsting worlds—in this our prime
Of power and chaos, tiger and slime—
That wait a lightning in the sky!

DEEP LIFE

HOW brave, through all its wavering,
Is this our life of flame-faint thrill,
Our tremulous, our immutable,
Our long and dumb-desiring will:
Through all that Dante and Milton sing
We bear our burden, and are still.

The winds are laden with our cry,
And the unechoing deep is fed
With rumor of our passion-tread.
But where the instinctive soul is led
No cataracts rave or lost waves sigh,
Nor any praise or prayer is said.

For where the instinctive purpose lies
There is no need of litany
Or paen or dirge eternally:
What need for speech has Deity,
Self-piloted on eternal seas
With purpose patient as the sea?

To us it is a boon supreme
That we are made as harp-chords loud
Played by a player hid in cloud,
Who draws our passion to the crowd
Thronging his dark and holy dream.
That we are seed for furrows plowed

By plowmen veiled in mist and fire,
Whose potencies in us are sealed;
That lingering-warm though unrevealed
A patient gardener guards our field;
Is crown enough for our desire,
And goal for all of dream we yield.

O lives of the unnumbered past,
Through whom the nameless river flowed
On whose vast voiceless waters glowed
Only the silent lights of God:
On rustling shoals were sometimes cast
Your waves of phosphorescent load,

Breaking the veils of deeper dark;
But these, O lives, were not your law.
The silent onward waters draw
Toward something more divine in awe
Than any phosphorescent spark
That Christ or Plato lived or saw.

WIND OF THE SPIRIT

I KNOW not how much, how little I shall know.
There came a wind upon the mountain lone
Of life. It had companioned God, and known :
And ever, strong and glad, the sweet winds blow
From somewhere off beyond eternal snow,
And all that I may know from thence is blown.
For now through all the world, by ruined stone
Of homestead from whose door the life is fled
Or iron coast where all the wrecks are thrown,
Travels that wind among the hopeless dead.
Where it goes, there along the world I go,
Be it by sodden field, harvest or bloom,
And though I came beside my first hope's tomb,
I should be glad, knowing the wind doth know.

THE DARK WEAVER

HOW Mystery, at her dark and intricate loom,
Weaves her unnumbered, her unending
threads:

Her shuttle bears our luminous golds and reds
Of human life; it bears our skeins of gloom.

The weaving of her shuttle is our doom,

Or bright, or dark. But follow where it leads!

And follow, careless of our personal creeds,

Till haply some vast tapestry shall bloom

In glory on some wide and mighty wall,

O'er subdued splendors of some echoing hall

Where some grave Race shall tread a cloudy home;

And on our visionary ear may fall

Indeed the romance of the Weaver of All,

The Mystic One, risen from an outworn loom!

GLOAMING

THERE is a flooded noon of pagan might,
Complete, absorbed, with all the surface
glow
Of earth, meeting the crystal surface light,
The lesser lights of earth that come and go

Vacant of immortality or pain.

And there is night whose wings are like the pall,
Whose talons clasp the tragic hearts of men.
And there is gloaming at the heart of all.

There are three gloamings. One lies underneath
A fane uncompassable of quarried stone.
Sad legions, laboring through life and death,
Have built this fane of mystery, rune by rune,

And none hath told what Builder's is the plan,
Though all have seen a Face in wizard gleam;
And round this home and altar-fane of man
At daybreak-gloaming mounts the light of dream.

Dawn-gloaming, when the builder stirs from sleep,
Answering the grave, supreme, unquestioned call,
(A world of builders,) glows divine and deep,
And heaven lightens on the labored wall.

Elsewhere the second gloaming beautiful
Waits, and for all the weary waits indeed,
And the desirous, the insatiable
Hold through its silent sway their inner creed,

Their bold insanity of infinitude.
On the great Fact, the old earth's living fane,
They labor, as upon the homing road
A wanderer goes, heedless of sun or rain,

Unto the fire and the hand of home.
No idle builders of enigmatical walls
Are they who wait the vision that shall come
When this, the sacramental gloaming falls.

One gleaming rests, more primal than the dawn,
Even the heart of twilight's vast desire.
Its breath impelled the God who made the sun,
It is the passion of the solar fire;

It is the cry afar that urges all
Who war or build about that ancient pile,
The world's long Deed, the altar mystical,
Ever betrayed, which none can e'er defile.

This gloaming has no time but evermore;
No place, but wondrously it fills the world;
No goal, yet rolls its wave on every shore;
No cause, yet never is its banner furled.

It is a haunting shadow, yea a song
That flies at dusk within a haunted wood;
A loneliness that strikes where myriads throng,
A sudden hope that pales all previous good;

Even a hand that reaches from the dumb
The deep, the gloaming universal Love
And holds the impassioned Mortal to its doom
And makes immortal all that breathe or move.

Whether in prayer of solemn motherhood,
Or passion of desiring, battling flame,
Or ideal longing on the Mount of God,
This gloaming stays, which none may know or name.

EIRE

I LOOKED across the snow, blue as pale foam
When phosphorescence glows on darkling shore,
When faint floods whisper and the winds are dumb
In wandering fields of the cold sea-flame flower.
Then is the heart aware of magic power,
Of plumed dominions on the eternal sea,
Of haunting hunger on the dim still shore.
So on the moonlit snow I witnessed thee:

Only a shadow on the bridge of hoar
Over dark waters; nigh the porch of home;
Leaning with incantation to the lure
Of unknown tides; poignant with dream and doom;
And sorrow of the middle rosary
Above; and on thy brow the Easter bloom.



TO D. W.



TO D. W.

Died, 1906

FAR friend of mine,
Aye in the thunderous summer noon remembered
Or by the sign
Of night and stars beyond a porch huge-timbered :

Nay, many places,
And through some kinship with the distant seas
And stranger races,
With me thou goest to the end of these.

One deep desire,
That is exhaustless as the wind that rolls
From sunset fire
On Achill's vast sea-mountain, filled our souls.

I was a boy,
Who travelled weeks across the solemn range
Alone, in joy
Seeking thee, finding thee in that old grange,

Those haunting pines
And purple concave of a planet's hills.
On thee, the lines
Of life were drawn, and dread, and pain that stills.

And yet thy tone
Could stir me like a waterfall at night
Far yonder thrown
Down breathless hollows lit with the moonlight,

And in thine eye
Hovered the lightning, the enhungered flame,
Life, destiny—
The world-thought drives me still, though thou art
dream.

Far friend, when last
I came from out the silent eastern way,
Rested, and passed
Alone and up the mountain-steps of day,
I could not seem
To put thee out of mind. There haunted me
A call that came
And haunts for aye the longing thought of thee.
It drew me back.
I found thee pallid as with spirit-wars.
We could not speak
Our thought, but gazed together at the stars.
The doom of youth
Was on me, and its helpless love and pain.
Earth's eldest truth
Was thine, Helper who sought for help in vain!
Only once more
I saw thee, when the roof-tree was crushed down.
By a strange shore
I found thee, lost to mountain-lands thine own.
Unspeakable
Sorrow, anguish of the shadowed soul,
Ineffable
Estrayed bewilderment! You drained the whole
Cup of defeat
That life may blend. But when I found you there,
How strange, how sweet,
How infinite was your conquest of despair!
To the caress
Of a returned, a frail but kindered hand,
With buoyant stress
You rose, and day came back upon the land:

Though Death stood near,
His touch upon your shoulder lovingly,
And all was there
That was and is your immortality.

I brought it back,
That day. You knew that when I went again
Horror would track
Your steps and drag you to a final den.

But the waves ran
In whiteness eastward from a shining gate.
"Your way, your plan,
Your life to live! Go, and good-bye," you said,

And my ship sailed.
Far friend of mine, from life's last mystery
You have not quailed,
Yet are my potent friend on land and sea.

Far vale and crest
Through the world's centuries remembering, keep
All that need rest
Of you, who have no need of balm or sleep.

I do not guess
That on some plain ringed with eternal snow,
Face to dear face
Immortal, we shall meet as man may know;

But lowering yonder,
Gathers a surcharged dusk along the height
That may not sunder
For overlong our dream of day and night.

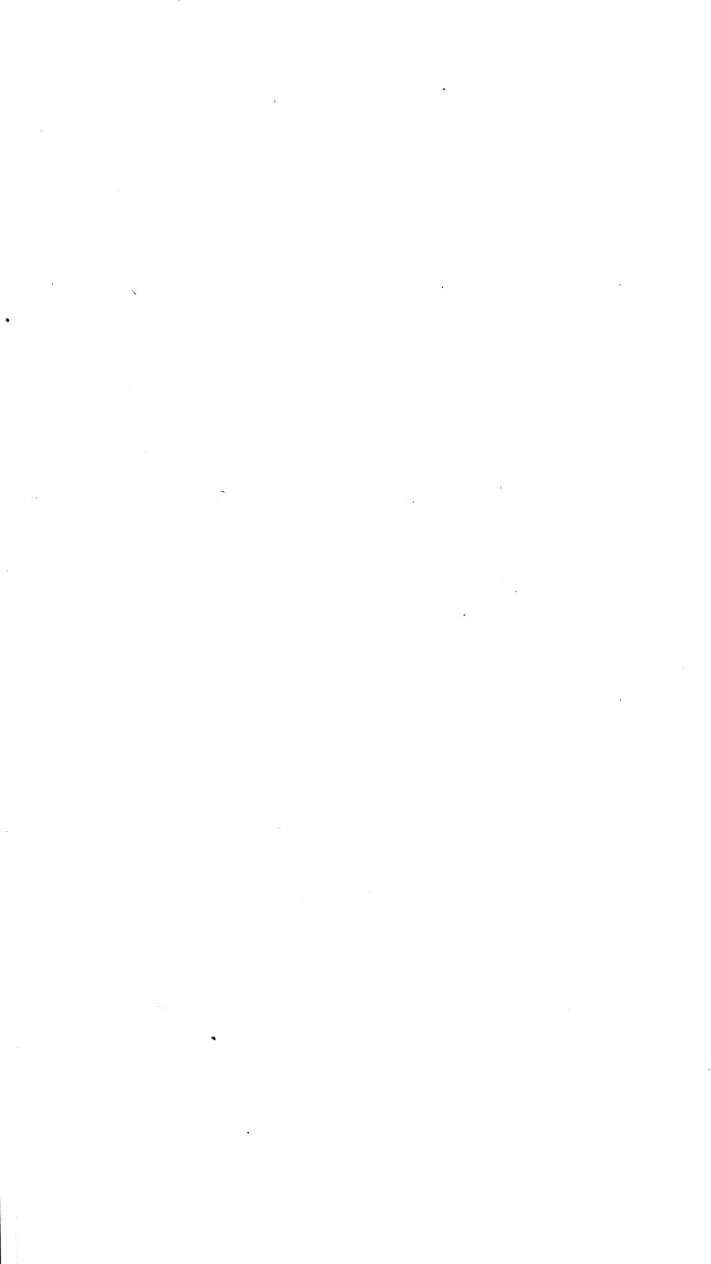
Transfiguration
Goes with you on some undiscernable way,
And your elation
Shakes like a lightning through my manhood's day.

I yearn to render
 From the vast fields some flower for your name,
But oh, Defender
 Of Dream, it is you are flower and flowering flame;
And deep this earth
 Grows, and in onward deeps of all fruition,
In midnight mirth
 And living will, wingeth your intuition.

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